

The Coconino Sun

VOL. XXIII.

FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA, APRIL 21, 1906.

No. 16

EARTHQUAKE SHOCK AND FIRE DEAL DEATH AND DESTRUCTION

Swept by the Fury of Elemental Forces San Francisco Is No More—Ruin and Desolation Reign Where Stood the Proud Queen of the Pacific—Thousands Buried Under Crumbled Walls and Cremated by Flames.

The echoes of Mount Vesuvius have not yet died away; the world has not had time to draw a breath of relief after that catastrophe when it is again horrified by a disaster as great, or greater, than the one just preceding it. This time it is one of the fairest of our own cities that lies stricken to the death. San Francisco, the pride of California, the city around which clustered all the romance and history of the Golden West, in the short time of twenty-four hours is swept from the map as completely as though it had never existed. Owing to the almost complete destruction of all means of communication, both by rail and telegraph, it is impossible, even at this time, to give a complete history of the disaster. What is obtainable from the daily press is collated below:

San Francisco, Cal., April 21.—Situation becoming much relieved, both by arrival of bread, milk, canned goods, etc., and by the exodus of people. Twenty-five thousand of them crossed the ferry yesterday and twice that number seeking passage tonight. All who cross the ferry are carried free and are told that they will be transported free to any point within the state on any railroad.

Street car companies are beginning to clean up their tracks.

The liquor stores and corner groceries are pouring their liquors into the gutters.

Soup kitchens are being established.

Five men were shot and killed today for robbing, two of them Chinese.

The Terry building has been seriously threatened with fire, but at 11:30 p. m. the fire is reported under control.

The fire on Van Ness and Filbert streets is said to be under control.

San Francisco, April 18.—During six hours of mortal dread and nameless terror San Francisco was today tossed upon the seismic waves of the most disastrous earthquake known to the history or the traditions of America's west coast. In the mad confusion and helpless horror of this night uncounted bodies of dead men and women are lying in morgues and under unuplifted walls. It is believed that nearly 1000 lives have been lost. The number cannot fall far short of that, and it may prove to be much greater. Fire and flame have added to the destruction, the ruination and despair. The material losses are beyond computation. Wounded and hurt inexpressibly the chief city of the West lies at this hour humbled to the dust, blackened, battered and charred, her glory of yesterday but a dream, and the moans from her stricken heart filling the pitying world.

The first shock came while the city still lay in slumber. The stars had but waned, and the morn was just breaking when came the rumble of the quake and the city shook like an aspen leaf. The hills of Sausalito and Piedmont, Oakland Heights and the bluffs of San Jose rocked like forests in the wind.

Rude was the awakening from the slumber-bound night and into the rent and reeling streets men,

women and children rushed, half-clothed, with blanched faces and speechless lips. The mighty terror they had sometimes dreaded, and had often laughed at was face to face with them at last.

There is no witness of this day's story whose tongue or pen can describe the wreck and ruin, the death, the doom, the despair and suffering that lies on every hand. All through the horror-stricken hours the living hunted for the dead. Deeds of human bravery, countless and beyond praise, have been performed. The police, the firemen and private citizens have vied with one another in rendering that service which nothing can repay. Heroes without number have leaped into the jaws of death to save their fellow human beings, and in more than one instance sacrificed their lives in the vain effort to save others.

Fair and beautiful, from thrice her seven hills the city of St. Francis yesterday looked down upon the sunset sea. Today she lies a blackened, ruined thing, the pity of the world. Generation after generation she builded with infinite care and tireless patience, but in the space of a few short hours she has been undone. Tonight there stands no keeper of the Golden Gate. From tower and dome and window there gleam no lamps of welcome. No song creeps out upon the mirroring

waters. Where life was there now is death. The dead are at peace, but the living stand with sleepless eyes waiting for the dreaded dawn of another day.

Following the first shock there was another within five minutes, but not nearly so severe. Three hours later there was another slight quake.

Fire broke out immediately and has been raging with unabated fury ever since until the whole city is a mass of blackened ruins and ashes, all efforts to check the flames having proved unavailing on account of lack of water, the mains having been broken by the earthquake. Practically the entire population of San Francisco is house and homeless, the business section is entirely destroyed and the property loss is co-extensive with the entire property valuation of the city.

Panic occurred everywhere, and within a few minutes after the first shock the streets were crowded with excited men and hysterical women. All around buildings were swaying, some of them rocking like cradles before they fell. In some instances the buildings withstood the vibrations of the shock only to fall a prey to the flames which followed.

The loss of life was principally in the poorer quarters and tenement districts, where the frail houses were wrecked as though built of card board.

Pen cannot describe the awful scene. Every conceivable conveyance from automobiles to hand carts were pressed into service to convey the injured and dying to the improvised hospitals, and after the morgues had been filled to their utmost capacity the dead were laid in the public squares, there being no other buildings available in which to place them. Some believe that the number of deaths will reach the appalling figure of 5000, but judging from the number of bodies thus far recovered, this figure is excessive.

The Cliff house, which stood upon a foundation of solid rock, has been swept into the sea. Not a thing stands to tell where the monster stone building once stood. It has been leveled to the foundation and only the rock lining of the sea coast remains intact.

At 9 o'clock under special message from President Roosevelt the city was placed under martial law. Hundreds of troops are patrolling the streets, and drove the crowds back, while a hundred more set to work assisting the fire and police departments.

The strictest orders have been issued to obey the military spirit. During the afternoon three thieves met death from rifle bullets while working in the ruins. The curious are driven back from the breasts of horses that cavalymen ride and all crowds are forced back from the level districts to the hills to the north.

The water supply is entirely cut off and it is probably just as well, for the fire department would have been absolutely useless at any stage.

From Other Points.

Oakland, April 18.—The water system of Santa Rosa was destroyed by the earthquake and the place caught fire, the flames sweeping everything before them.

Ten thousand people are homeless and the loss of life probably will reach into the hundreds. Identification so far impossible.

The whole business portion of the county tumbled into ruins. Main street is piled on both sides many feet deep with fallen buildings. Not one business building is left intact.

The former four-story Court-house is now a pile of broken masonry, nothing else left.

SAN JOSE.

Salinas, April 18.—Later reports from San Jose place the number of dead at between 50 and 100. The information comes over a railroad wire to the nearest point with which connection by telephone remains, it being impossible to get a telegram either to or from San Jose.

The new Hall of Justice, just completed at a cost of \$300,000, St. Patrick's Church, the Presbyterian Church, the High School, and a portion of the State Normal are in ruins.

The Vendome Hotel annex collapsed with the first heavy shock, burying many guests in the ruins. Thomas O'Toole, a wealthy rancher, well known throughout the Santa Clara Valley, was taken from this building dead.

Dr. DeGrow, who slept in his office, was killed under the falling walls of the building. His body was taken out of the ruins this afternoon. Many other occupants of this place were injured, and it is believed there are other bodies under the wreckage of the buildings. Railroad employes are working tonight to reach some of those who were buried and who are believed to be still alive.

ASYLUM DESTROYED.

Nearly 100 insane patients in Agnews Insane Asylum are reported dead in the ruins, also Superintendent Kelly, his son and daughter. Mrs. Kelly reported fatally injured.

STANFORD.

Stanford, April 19.—Stanford and Palo Alto suffered considerably by the earthquake. At Stanford many of the handsome buildings were demolished and two people were killed. One of them was Junius Robert Halls of Bradford, Pa., and the other was Otto Gurtz, a fireman.

With one exception, all buildings at Stanford University were demolished.

OTHER CITIES SUFFER.

Oakland, April 18.—Passengers arriving from other cities in California bring tales of death and disaster from nearly all, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Gilroy and Hollister are reported wrecked. The death list at Santa Cruz is reported large.